



# SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



## Revelations of A Wife by ADELE GARRISON

As the woman's fingers trembled, she came over the telephone to me. I was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling of resentment, though I knew that I should have been relieved and grateful at this unexpected opportunity to inspect a property assured to be "just the thing."

"From where are you speaking?" I asked a trifle coldly.

"From Hempstead."

"I suppose a real estate office?"

"No, indeed. This is a private residence. I am speaking for the owner, Mrs. Osborne. There was a distinct pause before the last name, and I was sure that I had caught the sound of a whisper prompting the voice. "She has decided only today to put her home upon the market, and heard of your desire to buy, only accidentally from a friend whose house you looked at some time ago."

Again I received the impression of whispered prompting.

"Mrs. Osborne does not wish to deal through real estate agents. She thinks she can save both you and herself the commission. If you should decide to take the property, she has to go out of town tonight for several days, and wonders if you could possibly run over to see the place this afternoon."

"I must know something about the place first," I said, still with the unaccountable feeling of resentment strong upon me. "How many rooms has it? How much ground? How far from the railroad station?"

"I can tell you about it in a very few minutes," the voice replied, and then there followed the description of a property which might have been copied from a list of our requirements. I should have felt my enthusiasm rising as I listened. Location—everything I might have been made to order, and yet I could not down an unaccountable reluctance to go to the place.

With a strong effort I summoned my common sense to the rescue, making the only answer possible.

"I shall be very glad to come to see it," I said, "you may expect me in an hour, possibly less."

"Thank you. One other thing," the voice was hesitant again. "Mrs. Osborne is an old lady and extremely nervous. She does not like to meet people. That is one reason she has not put the place in an agent's hands—she could not bear to see a lot of strange faces. So if you will come by yourself—"

"Of course," I returned coldly. Then I asked and received minute instructions for finding the place, and turned from the telephone, fighting an absurd little doubt which had sounded in my brain like the ringing of a tiny psychic bell deep in my consciousness.

"Come by yourself"—the words echoed in my ears for a long minute while I stood irresolute. Then, with a self-scolding laugh I went back to my room, made a leisurely toilet, for I was too tired to hurry, and I had purposely named an hour's interval before going to the place in order to avoid any haste.

I met Katie coming from her rooms at the back as I went toward the rear stairs when I had finished dressing.

"Why you no call me ven you wake up?" she asked reproachfully. "I think I only lie me down shoot five-ten minutes—I tell dot Jeem to wake me, and de next ting I know I hear you talk at telephone. Dot Jeem he pounding his ear yet."

"Why should I call you, Katie?" I returned. "I did not need you, everything is done, and you and Jim, I knew, must have been very tired. I am going out now to look at a house which I have just heard of in Hempstead. Will you tell Mrs. Durkee where I've gone, and I think you'd better help her with the dinner again tonight."

"Sure, I feck," Katie replied with her fixed formula. "But Meeks Graham, you goin' all alone to dot house?"

"Of course, Katie," I returned a bit impatiently.

"I no like dot," she said disapprovingly.

The consciousness of my own vague feeling on the subject made me resentful of her advice.

"How perfectly absurd, Katie," I said. "I'm not a child, and I'm used to the car. What on earth could happen to me on the road to Hempstead?"

"I no tinkin' of vot could happen on road," Katie went on. "It no good going alone to houses you don't know nothings about."

"You've been attending too many movies, Katie," I laughed lightly.

Her face took on a sullen look. "You laugh now," she said sullenly. "Maybe, before you come back, you laugh on order side of your face."

As I backed the car out of the garage and swung it toward the road I was more disturbed than I cared to admit by Katie's prophecy that I "might laugh on order side of face" before I came back from my trip to the house, concerning the sale of which I had just received a telephone message. But as I spend along through the bracing, wonderful spring air my common sense asserted itself, and I laughed aloud at poor Katie's movie-born theories.

Following minutely the directions which the girl had given me over the telephone, I soon came to the property which I judged to be the one described to me. The road it faced was a winding, rather picturesque one, and the nearest house in any direction from the one in front of which I drew up my car was a small, tumble-down structure, at least 500 feet down the road. The property itself, I decided in a swift, comprehensive survey, was not half-bad, being attractively landscaped with drives and groupings of pines and shrubs. Nearly an acre of ground surrounded the house, which was a frame structure, with plenty of veranda room and many windows.

I received no answer to my knocking on the front door, so I went to the side door. Through the glass I saw a slender, dikh shrdlfrfwf haired woman sitting in a rocking

## EASTERN SOCIETY NOW VISITS DOBBINS SHOW



Many women prominent in eastern society attended the 25th Annual Horse Show at Bryn Mawr, Pa. This photograph of Mrs. John R. Cummings was taken there. She formerly was Miss Isabella Wana-maker.

chair, looking vacantly through the window. She paid no attention to my first knock, and as I repeated it more loudly she thought crossed my mind that she must be deaf. At the second knock, however, she looked up with annoyance mingled with the stupidity ignored on her face, and as she moved toward the door I saw that her feet were shodless, though the golf hose that covered them were of the finest quality, the most fashionable shade.

I saw something else, too, as she opened the door, or rather my nose told me first, as I caught a whiff of her breath. Her look of stupidity was explained. She had been drinking, and that rather heavily. If my brain had not issued a peremptory command to my feet to stay where they were I am afraid they would have carried me precipitately down the steps. I dread, infinitely, the proximity of a drunken person.

"What do you want?" she asked with the slow, hesitant articulation of the person who knows that speech is unsteady and betraying.

"I am afraid I have the wrong house," I said, glad of any excuse to get away. "I am Mrs. Richard Graham of Marvin, and some one telephoned me an hour ago that a certain property was for sale."

"Oh!" she surveyed me owlishly after the exclamation. "Thash all right. A girl was here—somewhere—"

she looked about vacantly—"and she did telephone, and told me you'd be here, and that I was—what did she tell me? I was to do—"

"Perhaps to show the house," I ventured, beginning to see that there was nothing to fear, much to pity in the ridiculous but pathetic figure before me.

"Thash it," she exclaimed, evidently relieved. "Well! come along. I'll show it to you."

"Do you live here?" I asked.

She turned a suspicious look on me.

"Where else should I live?" she demanded irritably, then fell again into her heaviness of manner. "Yes, I live here, me—and my little dogs, and my husband," she added, evidently as an after thought.

That she was a breeder and fancier of thoroughbred dogs I saw before we had proceeded a few steps from the room I had entered. Tiny woolly dogs were everywhere, sick ones in baskets, mothers with litters of puppies on soft beds in boxes, groups of others in improvised kennels in the kitchen, while from the upper regions proceeded the yapping of others. And yet, to her justice, she had not spoiled the house as I at first decided she must have done.

I followed her from room to room, now deciding that the house would never do, again admiring some feature of it, wondering if we could not make it do. I put some judicious questions to her. She stopped and leaned against a window, regarding me with the owlish look I had found so ludicrous.

"Now, I'm not tryin' to knock the house y'understand," she said solemnly, "but I've taken a fancy to you, dearie, and I'm not goin' to let the agent put anything over on you. In the first place, don't you think if the house was good we'd have bought it? Had the money to pay cash for it. But the plumbing is awful, all old and falling to pieces, and we've burned 20 tons of coal so far, and it's a mild winter, too, and the neighbor on one side is going to turn her place into a piggery this summer, hundreds of pigs, and the man on the other side is a truck gardener, and he piles loads of fertilizer next the fence—brings thousands of flies—"

I interrupted her with a little shudder of disgust.

"Thank you so much for telling me these things," I said. "Of course I shall not want the house. And I must not keep you longer."

"There was something else I was to tell you," she said vacantly, "but I can't think what it was."

"Never mind about it now, Linda," a voice that I recognized said behind me. "I'll tell Mrs. Graham the rest."

I wheeled, to look into the face of Grace Draper.

GRAVY.

If the gravy boils and thus becomes lumpy or the ingredients have a tendency to separate, add a little very hot water and stir vigorously. The original smoothness will be restored.

ADD AMMONIA.

A little ammonia added to the water in which you wash oily bottles will cut the oil and speed the cleansing process.

MILDEW.

Buttermilk will remove mildew stains.

## Paris Sets Vogue For Pearly Skin

PARIS, Oct. 8.—White, pearly whiteness, as clear, as translucent, as lovely!

That is the smart Parisienne's complexion fancy for the moment. She has deserted her rouge pots and achieves a whiteness that is exquisite.

Only her lips are colorful. Their vividness stands out in brilliant contrast with the whiteness of her face. This sudden affinity for white powder is, of course, the result of the vogue for black. All of Paris is gowning in black. And with black,

only the pure white complexion can effect that subtle fineness which gives distinction to beauty.

The white face, however, must have eyes with more charm than ever. Rob the skin of its tone and you must add vitality to the eyes. So Paris is looking to her eyes with even more care than before.

They never tell a tale of weariness or fatigue—not the eye of the Parisienne! But they say other things. They are magnetic, languorous, vivacious—just as their owner wishes!

There are powders, cleverly made powders, which are used around the eyes in them, never put anything in them. There is a blue tone, just a suggestion, ever so faint, ever

so delicate, which makes the eyes look clear and large.

And then there are browns. Deep, dreamy, thoughtful eyes, eyes with secrets, are the result of brown tones.

Have you ever noticed what color will do to your face? Verily, it changes the kind of a person you are! Then watch to be sure that in your cosmetics and frocks there is really a bit of yourself!

## AIRPLANE POLISH FOR YOUR FINGER NAILS

London and Paris have acquired a new fad for their finger nails! Something which puts on such a shine that it almost never comes off!

Airplane dope, my dear!

Actually! It's the veneer used in waterproofing the wings of the planes and sometimes it's on brass work.

But it's the latest thing for a shine which rivals the sun and lasts through countless washings.

It isn't expensive and is just the right thing for the business girl who can't spend hours a day taking care of her person. A little put on once every two weeks or so after a thorough manicure and then an occasional whisk with the buffer, and her nails are looking as fit as if she visited a professional every day.

A few minutes should be given to care of your nails every day if you hope to have really pretty nails. It won't do to go to an expert once a

month and then neglect them the other 29 days.

You'll notice, when you have them manicured after having neglected them long, that they look almost as bad as before they were worked on. That is because there was so much cuticle and it couldn't be well taken care of.

Your hair you might neglect and then have it beautifully done in the course of a few hours. But not your nails! Their beauty is a more natural kind and the girl who spends three minutes every day on them will have nails which far surpass those of the girl who visits the manicurist once every week and forgets her nails for the other six days.

Try NEWS-TIMES Want Ads

# 17 Women Registered Saturday



And as a result 17 Women are preparing their Sunday Dinner with less worry, steps and time than they ever imagined was possible, and in addition these same 17 Women are each the proud owners of a beautiful 26 Piece Set of Genuine Oneida Community Silver.

## \$1 Made 17 Women Happy

As announced in previous issues of this paper only fifty women would be allowed to qualify, so you can readily see and realize that if you want to profit by this most liberal offer, you must hurry.

**Remember \$1 Delivers Any Sellers Cabinet To Your Home Immediately**

**And a Genuine ONEIDA Community Silver Set, consisting of 26 useful pieces**

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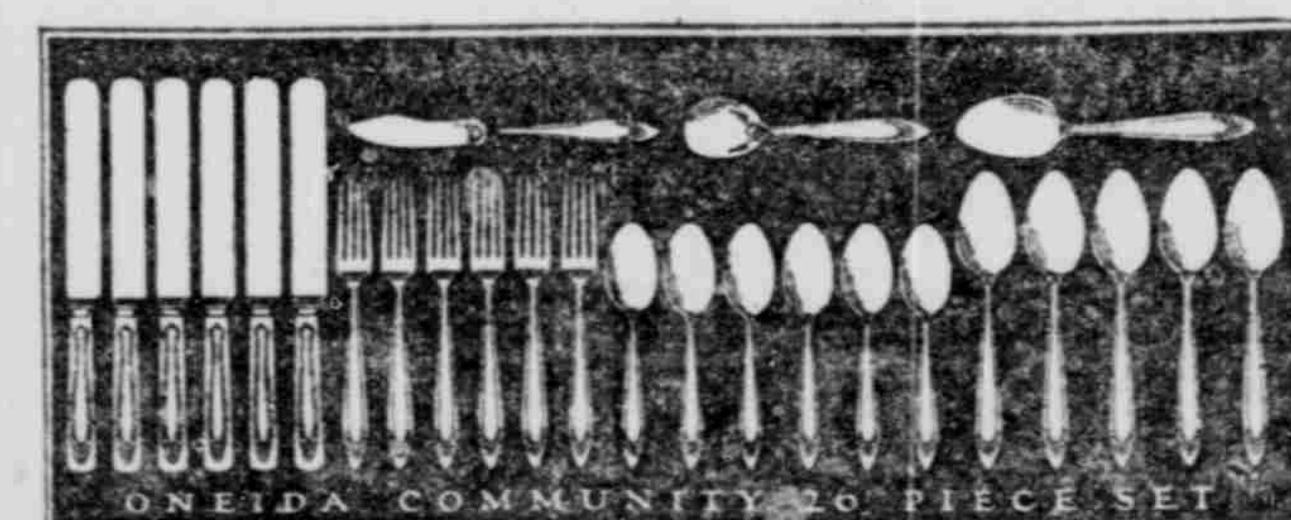
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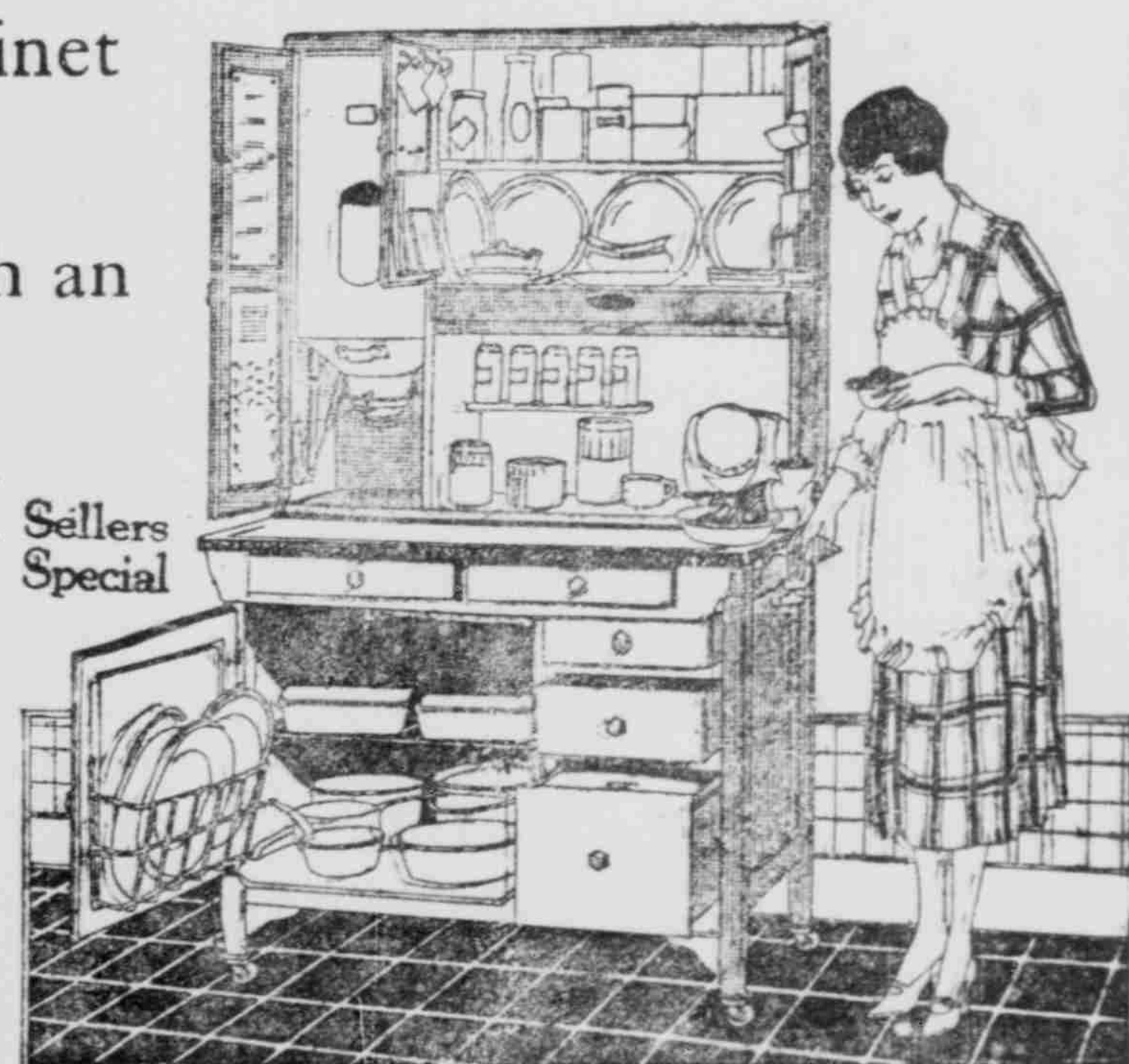
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## Pavlova Brings Fantastic Dances With Historic Plots



PAVLOVA.

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Anna Pavlova, premier danseuse of the world, is coming to America with a new series of ballets that have plots such as a screen or stage play of the simpler sort might have.

One ballet will be based on fairy tales. Included in this repertoire are terpsichorean depictions of "Little Red Riding Hood," "Puss-in-Boots," "The Blue Bird," "Cinderella" and "Princess Florina."

In "Dionysus" Pavlova employs the invention of Nicolas de Lipsey, Russian painter, which changes both scenery and costumes by the reaction of their colors to various colored lights.

The first scene shows a Grecian temple, with the statue of the god Dionysus on a pedestal in front of it. It is evening. The high priestess joins the others in a ritual before the image.

The light grows deeper. The high priestess is left before the statue. As the light changes, the temple and its statue dissolve into a fantastic garden. The god appears in person.

The god tells her he loves her. She struggles between her religious vows and a sublime love. She falls exhausted before the pedestal.

Rays of the morning sun dissolve the garden. It is once more the temple. Revived, the priestess would offer the god her love, but the object of her love is now a cold, unresponsive statue.

Another new ballet is a Norse idyll. Girls flee when they see a wrecked fisherman's boat upon the rocks of a Norwegian Fjord and a man's body beside it.

One girl remains. She learns that the man is alive. She assists him to recovery. Love at first sight.